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BEGINNING
IN THIS ISSUE

commandos

A STORY PACKED WITH
ADVENTURE AND THRILLS

PLUS

TRIUMPH'S REGULAR
FEATURES.



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Vol. 1 No. 8
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1942

Dear Reader:

We are pleased to present to you a new story in TRIUMPH-ADVENTURE-COMICS, entitled the "Commandos", illustrated by Mr. Hugh Caulfield. The word "commandos" was coined in the early days of South Africa our sister Dominion. To-day the word "commandos" means well-trained and armed British troops who daringly raid the enemy coast line, to blow up bridges and do as much damage as possible to German communications. We feel sure you will be very excited at the exploits of Roger Witchif and his fight of revenge against the Nazi hordes.

At this writing word comes to us that the boys and girls in British Columbia are carrying on splendidly under the threat of invasion by enemy aeroplanes. We hope that such a thing will never come to pass, but to-day many youths of Canada are in the front line, fighting for the greatest cause of all—freedom and liberty.

No matter what happens in the future, we are assured that we will conquer our enemies and crown our great effort with VICTORY. We ask the readers of TRIUMPH-ADVENTURE-COMICS, both young and old, to put their shoulder to the wheel and buy more War Savings Certificates with the savings in their penny banks and VICTORY BONDS with their dollars.

Let us all pull together for that great day, which is not far away, when the light of triumph and victory will shine again over this our great Dominion and Empire.

Yours sincerely,

The Editor



ADRIAN DINGLE



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Spanner Preston

SPIES OF THE AIRWAYS.



AFTER THE BRITISH HAD SUCCESSFULLY OCCUPIED IRAN, "SPANNER" MEETS THE OFFICER IN COMMAND OF THE INVADING TROOPS.

THE STORY SO FAR-

"SPANNER" PRESTON, WHO OF THE R.A.F. ATTACHED TO INTELLIGENCE SERVICE OF THE BRITISH GOVERNMENT, HAS JUST COMPLETED AN ASSIGNMENT IN IRAN WHERE HE CLEANED UP A NEST OF SPIES AND RESCUED A BRITISH INTELLIGENCE OFFICER FROM THE GERMAN GESTAPO.

OUR STORY OPENS AS THE BRITISH TROOPS OCCUPY IRAN AND CLEAN UP THE NAZI FIFTH COLUMNISTS.



UNDER A BRITISH GUARD, THE TWO GERMANS IN CHARGE OF THE NAZI ESPIONAGE OPERATIONS, ARE TAKEN INTO CUSTODY.

AT THE BRITISH EMBASSY, "SPANNER" FINDS PETER ROLLAND RECOVERING FROM THE TORTURES THAT HE SUFFERED WHILE IN THE HANDS OF THE NAZI.



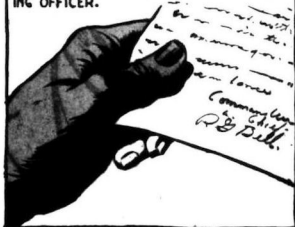
PRESTON, I'D LIKE YOU TO MEET MY SISTER. YOU KNOW HER ONLY AS IAINA -

GOSH! I NEVER THOUGHT YOU WOULD TURN OUT TO BE ROLLAND'S SISTER. QUITE A PLEASANT SURPRISE.



-- AND I THOUGHT YOU WERE AN AMERICAN RUG SALESMAN.

FURTHER CONVERSATION IS PREVENTED BY THE ARRIVAL OF A SPECIAL MESSENGER WITH AN IMPORTANT LETTER FOR THE COMMANDING OFFICER.

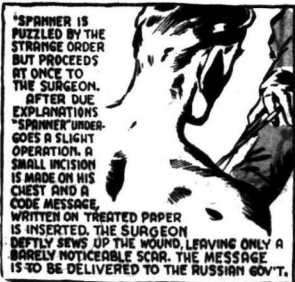


IT CONTAINS ORDERS FOR YOU, "SPANNER"! YOU ARE TO REPORT TO THE HEAD SURGEON IMMEDIATELY.



"SPANNER" IS PUZZLED BY THE STRANGE ORDER BUT PROCEEDS AT ONCE TO THE SURGEON.

AFTER DUE EXPLANATIONS "SPANNER" UNDERGOES A SLIGHT OPERATION. A SMALL INCISION IS MADE ON HIS CHEST AND A CODE MESSAGE, WRITTEN ON TREATED PAPER IS INSERTED. THE SURGEON DEFTLY SEWS UP THE WOUND, LEAVING ONLY A BARELY NOTICEABLE SCAR. THE MESSAGE IS TO BE DELIVERED TO THE RUSSIAN GOV'T.



NOW FOR FINAL INSTRUCTIONS. THEN, NEXT STOP, MOSCOW!



A GREAT

BOMBER
IS TUNED
UP AND
"EGGS" ARE
LOADED ON
BOARD TO
BE DROPPED
AS GIFTS
TO ANY
HUNS THAT
THEY MIGHT
SEE EN
ROUTE.

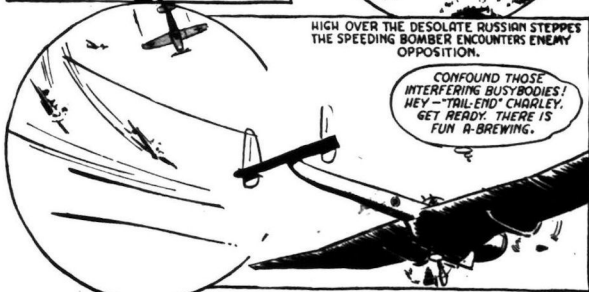


SO LONG,
PERSIA. (SIGH)
NICE GIRL, IRANA.

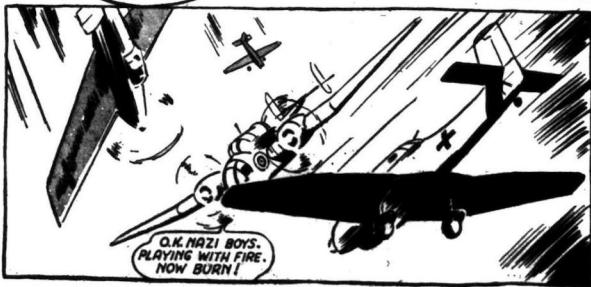


HIGH OVER THE DESOLATE RUSSIAN STEPPES
THE SPEEDING BOMBER ENCOUNTERS ENEMY
OPPOSITION.

CONFOUND THOSE
INTERFERING BUSYBODIES!
HEY—"TAIL-END" CHARLEY,
GET READY. THERE IS
FUN A-BREWING.



O.K. NAZI BOYS.
PLAYING WITH FIRE.
NOW BURN!



THE YOUNG BRITISH AIR GUNNER LINES AN ATTACKING M.G.G. IN HIS SIGHTS AND HIS TRIGGER FINGER RELEASES A TERRIFIC HAIL OF LEAD.

HERE'S NOW, FRITZIE!

HIS MARKSMANSHIP IS PERFECT.

THE GERMAN CREW BAIL OUT AS THEIR PLANE, BURNING FURIOUSLY, PLUNGES EARTHWARD.

QUICK, JUMP!

UNNOTICED BY THE BRITISH CREW, ONE OF THE REMAINING GERMAN PLANES MANEUVERED TO CLOSE RANGE AND FIRED A CANNON SHELL WHICH SEVERELY DAMAGED THE BRITISH PLANE.

FOUR SPECKS OF WHITE FLICKER AGAINST THE SKY AS THE BRITISH CREW DESCEND UPON GERMAN-OCCUPIED TERRITORY.



THE GERMAN COMMANDER GRILLS "SPANNER", WHOM HE SUSPECTS OF CARRYING IMPORTANT DOCUMENTS. THE PRISONER'S COOLNESS INFURIATES THE DISAPPOINTED GERMAN.



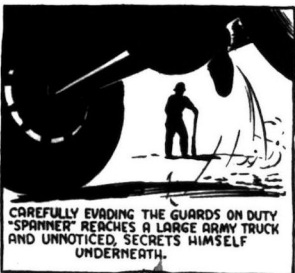
FOR SUCH A CROWNING INSULT, "SPANNER" IS QUICKLY HERDED TO A PRISON CAMP.



HELLO! YOU HAVE SURE COME TO A CRUMMY SPOT.

YOU MEAN "CRAWLY" DON'T YOU?

PRESTON'S UNIFORM HAS BEEN REPLACED BY REGULATION PRISON GARB.



CAREFULLY EVADING THE GUARDS ON DUTY "SPANNER" REACHES A LARGE ARMY TRUCK AND UNNOTICED, SECRETS HIMSELF UNDERNEATH.

--AND SO THE DARING CANADIAN MAKES A PERILOUS ESCAPE FROM THE PRISON CAMP.

IF I CAN ONLY HOLD ON UNTIL WE ARE FAR ENOUGH AWAY FROM THAT CAMP.



HERE'S WHERE I DROP OFF.



THESE BUSHES WILL MAKE A GOOD SHELTER. WHW! AM I STIFF FROM THAT BUMPY RIDE.



VERY OBLIGING PEOPLE, THESE RUSSIANS.



THE CANADIAN CONCEALS HIMSELF IN THE HAY ON THE CART OF THE GOOD-NATURED PEASANT.

BEFORE LONG, A RUSSIAN PEASANT, DRIVING A HAY WAGON, RUMBLES ALONG THE ROAD. "SPANNER" HAILS HIM.

NOW ABOUT A LIFT, COMRADE? OR DO I HAVE TO DEVELOP HITCH-HIKER'S THUMB?



SUDDENLY, A MEMBER OF A NAZI PANZER DIVISION GRUFFLY COMMANDS THE WAGON TO HALT. THE GERMANS NEED THE WAY

HALT!



DER FEUHRER NEEDS DOT HAY.



THIS IS MY CHANCE TO REPRY THE PEASANT.



LIKE A PREYING LEOPARD, "SPANNER" LEAPS UPON THE UNSUSPECTING NAZI.

YOUR
FEUHRER IS
GOING TO MISS
YOU, FRITZ.



HE SOON OVERTAKES A SLOWER-MOVING PANZER DIVISION.



IN A DISTANT WOOD, "SPANNER" SEES A PEASANT COTTAGE. HE DECIDES TO VISIT IT AND PERHAPS SECURE FOOD AND LODGING.



--AND THEY, ALL UNSUSPECTING, ACCEPT HIM AS ONE OF THEIR OWN.

HIS PLANS ARE RUDELY SHATTERED WHEN HE FINDS A CAR OF THE GERMAN COMMAND IN THE FARM YARD.



USING THE UTMOST CAUTION, THE BRITISHER LOOKS THROUGH THE FARMHOUSE WINDOW AND SEES A GROUP OF NAZI OFFICERS IN CONFERENCE.



"SPANNER" INVESTIGATES THE CAR TO TRY AND FIND ANYTHING OF VALUE.



LUCK RIPS WITH HIM AS HE OPENS AN ATTACHE CASE OF GERMAN ARMY PLANS OF THEIR DRIVE EASTWARD, THROUGH RUSSIA.



A DEFT BLOW WITH A SMALL DAGGER, RENDERS THE CAR TIRES USELESS.



WITH THE ATTACHE CASE IN HIS POSSESSION, "SPANNER" SPEEDS OVER THE WAR-TORN EARTH TOWARD THE RUSSIAN LINES.

CROSSING THROUGH THE GERMAN LINES, "SPANNER" PASSES A GROUP OF OUR GALLANT RUSSIAN ALLIES.



THROUGH FOREST AND PLAIN, THE BRITISHER SPEEDS UNNOTICED.



OVER BUMPY ROADS, LOOS AND MUD, THE MOTORCYCLE RACES ONWARD.



MY, MY-WHAT WON'T THEY THINK OF NEXT!



СТОУ! (HALT!)
YOU ARE MY
PRISONER-NUN!



THE DISGUISED "SPANNER" IS STOPPED BY A RUSSIAN SENTRY AND HIS PAPERS ARE SCRUTINISED.

AFTER PROVING TO THE RUSSIAN COMMAND THAT HE IS A BRITISH OFFICER AND NOT A GERMAN, HE IS ALLOWED TO PROCEED TO MOSCOW IN A RUSSIAN LORRY.

YOU RUSSIAN CHAPS
ARE CERTAINLY PUTTING
UP A GOOD SHOW!



THE CITY OF MOSCOW LOOMS UP IN THE DISTANCE AND "SPANNER'S" JOURNEY IS NEARING ITS COMPLETION.



THE YOUNG BRITISHER IS TENDERED A ROUSING WELCOME BY THE BRITISH COMMAND IN THE EMBATTLED CITY.

HERE IS MY MESSAGE FROM THE BRITISH HEADQUARTERS

A THRILLING TRIP INDEED!

SPLENDID - HOW DID YOU MANAGE TO GET THROUGH THE ENEMY LINES?

THEY DISCUSS PLANS OF THE CAMPAIGN OF THE BRITISH AND RUSSIAN COLLABORATION IN IRAN.

FOLLOW THE STORY of

"SPANNER" PRESTON OF THE R.A.F.

IN TRIUMPH



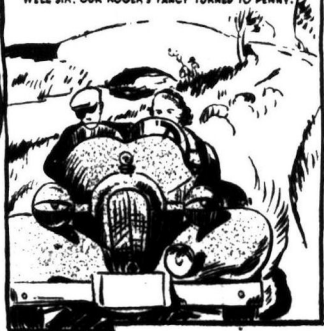
STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS:
H. B. CAULFIELD.

Commandos.



ROGER WITTCLIP.

IT WAS ONE OF THOSE LOVELY DAYS IN ENGLAND WHEN EVERYONE FELT SPRING'S FEVER-YOU KNOW! LOVE, NANCY AND ALL THAT SORT OF ROT. WELL SIR, OUR ROGER'S FANCY TURNED TO PENNY.



SO ACCUSTOMED WERE THEY TO THE DRONE OF AIRPLANE MOTORS, THAT THEY FAILED TO TAKE NOTICE OF THE LARGE GERMAN BOMBERS FLYING HIGH OVERHEAD, DROPPING A BOMB-



AND EXPLODING IN THE PATH OF THE SMALL CAR.

PENNY WAS HURLED INTO A BRANCH OF A TREE, THROWN UP BY THE BOMB -



OUR ROGER INTO THE GUTTER NEARBY.



I SAY THERE OLD THING, YOU'RE SORTA OUT ON A LIMB- EN WHAT!?



ROGER, UNINJURED, DUSTS HIMSELF OFF AND JOKES WITH PENNY, NOT REALISING THE SERIOUS NATURE OF HER INJURIES.

'E RE YOU DAFT MAN, THE LYDIE'S 'URT LIKE. BRING HER TO MY HOUSE.



MRS (M), A SPECTATOR AND A TAXPAYER, STANDING BY, CHECKS ROGER'S HILARITY, ASKING HIM TO BRING THE INJURED PENNY TO HER HOME.

'E RE, DON'T STAND THERE MOPPIN', CALL A DOCTOR!



MRS (M) PUTS PENNY IN BED AND TELLS ROGER TO CALL A DOCTOR.

TAKE IT EASY, LAD, I'M COMING!

HURRY DOC-SHE'S DYING!



IN HIS ANXIETY, ROGER PULLS THE DOCTOR THROUGH THE DOOR.

MR. AND MRS (M) WITH ROGER
ANXIOUSLY AWAIT THE DOCTOR'S
VERDICT.



I'M AFRAID THERE
ISN'T ANYTHING I
CAN DO!

ON EXAMINATION THE DOCTOR FINDS
PENNY SUFFERING FROM SERIOUS INTERNAL INJURIES.



PLEASE DOC, CAN'T
YOU DO SOMETHING?!

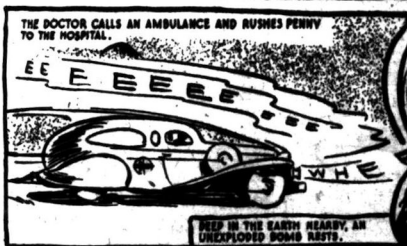


THERE MUST BE
SOMETHING DOCTOR?



THERE MIGHT BE
A CHANCE, IF WE
OPERATE!

THE DOCTOR CALLS AN AMBULANCE AND RUSHES PENNY
TO THE HOSPITAL.



DEEP IN THE EARTH NEARBY, AN
UNEXPLODED BOMB RESTS.



AN A.R.P. WARDEN APPEARS, DISPLAYING A STOP SIGN. SEEING THE SPEED OF THE FLYING AMBULANCE TOO GREAT TO CHECK, THE WARDEN JUMPS ASIDE.



IN THE SPLIT SECOND AS THE CAR RACES PAST, THE BOMB EXPLODES, SENDING THE AMBULANCE SKY HIGH.



LEAVING NOTHING BUT A MASS OF TORN AND TWISTED STEEL TO DESCRIBE THE TRAGIC END OF PENNY.



THE DEMOLITION SQUAD WORKED FRANTICALLY HOPING TO FIND PENNY - THIS TIME - FATE COMPLETED ITS TASK. PENNY WAS DEAD.





ROGER RETURNED HOME A BROKEN MAN.
WE WERE STANDING IN THE LIBRARY
HAVING TEA, WHEN I THOUGHT OF AN
IDEA WHICH MIGHT BRING HIM OUT
OF HIS STUPOR - I TOLD HIM A STORY
OF THE COMMANDOS.

SIR JOHN.

NO SIR! I CAN'T
SAY I HAVE!

DID YOU EVER HEAR OF
THE COMMANDOS, AND
THEIR DARING EXPLOITS
IN THE BOER WAR?

WELL SOME OF THEIR
PLANS BEGAN WITH--



THE BOER WAR.



THESE DARING MEN WOULD HIDE IN THE BUSH
DRESSED IN DARK CLOTHING, AWAITING THE BOERS-



MAKING QUEER NOISES TO FRIGHTEN THE HORSES.



THE COMMOTION WOULD MAKE THE WHOLE
PARTY LOSE CONTROL OF THEIR MOUNTS.



DURING THE EXCITEMENT THE COMMANDOS
WOULD FIRE ON THE DISTRACTED BOERS.





DISGUISED AS A BOER, ONE OF THE GROUP WOULD ENTER THE ENEMY CAMP AND MINGLE WITH THEM.



TO-NIGHT WE WILL TAKE THE VILLAGE DOWN BY THE RIVER.

ENTERING FROM THE SOUTH AND NORTH ROADS, SPREADING OUT AROUND THE VILLAGE - A QUARTER OF A MILE THIS SIDE - THEN WE WILL CLOSE IN.



THEY INTEND TO ATTACK AT NIGHT-FALL, SO PREPARE MEN.

BIG JOHN OF THE COMMANDOS RETURNS TO THE CAMP, TELLING THE GROUP OF THE BOERS' PLANS.



MEANWHILE -

THE BOERS ARE COMING!

THE COMMANDOS DISPATCH A RUNNER TO THE VILLAGE.



THE VILLAGE FOLK GATHER ROUND THE RUNNER AS HE INSTRUCTS THEM HOW TO BARRICADE THEIR DOORS.



BARRICADE YOUR DOORS AND HAVE YOUR RIFLES READY!



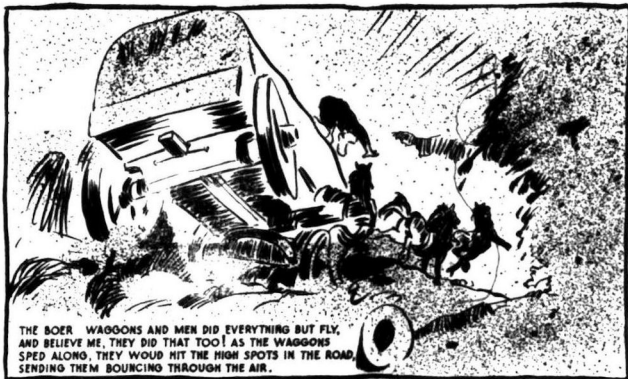
THE VILLAGERS DID AS THEY HAD BEEN TOLD AND AWAITED THE INTRUDERS WITH RIFLES LOADED BEHIND THE CHINKS OF BLINDS.



OUTSIDE THE TOWN THE SILENCE OF THE NIGHT WAS BROKEN BY THE THUNDERING OF HORSES' HOOF-



AS THEY RACED ACROSS THE AFRICAN VELD.



THE BOER WAGGONS AND MEN DID EVERYTHING BUT FLY, AND BELIEVE ME, THEY DID THAT TOO! AS THE WAGGONS SPED ALONG, THEY WOULD HIT THE HIGH SPOTS IN THE ROAD, SENDING THEM BOUNCING THROUGH THE AIR.



ALL THIS MISCHIEF BEING CAUSED BY A PEA SHOOTER IN THE HANDS OF AN EXPERT.



A SCHOOLBOY PRANK
BUT AN EFFECTIVE
METHOD.



IN THOSE DAYS SUCH
TACTICS WERE UN-
ETHICAL - BUT TO-DAY
THE BRITISH COMMANDOS
ARE QUITE DIFFERENT.



AND OTHERS HAVE LOST FORTUNES IN STOCK MARKETS - AND ALL SEEK AN OUTLET FOR THEIR EMOTIONS IN THIS STRANGE GROUP OF HEROIC MEN.



CAN ROGER JOIN THE COMMANDOS?
FOLLOW THIS STORY IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF
triumph.

B. Cantel

THE HEROIC FEAT OF SERGEANT PILOT JAMES ALLEN WARD V.C. ROYAL NEW ZEALAND AIR FORCE.



On the night of July 5, 1941, Sergeant James A. Ward, age 21, of the Royal New Zealand Air Force, was second pilot of a "Wellington" bomber which was then returning from an attack on the enemy. The bomber, flying at an altitude of 15,000 feet, was attacked by a German Messerschmitt "110". His ship was hit by a cannon shell and incendiary bullets. The wing was slight! Flames were pouring out of a shattered gasoline pipe.

Sergeant Pilot Ward volunteered to climb out on the wing and attempt to smother the fire with an engine cover. "I gripped the metal wing with my left hand," said Ward in an interview, and "kicked back down the side of the fuselage, which gave me a foothold. I held on with one hand until I got two footholds on the wing, then I caught hold of some sections of the wing and managed to get down fire."

One picture portrays the dramatic moment when Sergeant Pilot Ward first smothered the fire in the blazing wing. At last, nearly exhausted by his efforts, he managed with utmost difficulty to get back into the aircraft. For this brave act Sergeant Pilot Ward was awarded the Victoria Cross, the highest distinction for gallantry the Empire can confer on its men.

ADRIAN
DINGLE



WE SHALL SOON SEE WHY ZEE TRUST-WORTHY AIR MARSHALL HAS FAILED TO MISERABLY IN FULFILLING ZEE PLANS OF OUR GREAT DICTATOR TO INVADE ZEE NORTH AMERICAN CONTINENT. HE MUST SHOW IMPROVEMENT FIRST, OR HE WILL NOT BE CONSIDERED WORTHY OF OUR CAUSE. THERE, BELOW, LIES THE BASE. CIRCLE THREE TIMES AROUND ZEN LAND.



~ CHAPTER FIVE ~
ICEBERGS OF DEATH

DO NOT OUR GREAT LEADER SEND HIS DEPUTY TO GLOAT OVER MY MISFORTUNE. PERHAPS I SHOW THEM PLANS THAT WILL IMPRESS THEM.



AH! MY GOOD FRIEND LUDWIG KEITZ, IT IS GOOD TO SEE YOU. COME! I SHOW YOU AROUND. HERE IS OUR LATEST SUCCESS - A MAGNETIC RAY WHICH CONCENTRATES THE FORCE OF GRAVITATION AND PULLS ANYTHING IN ITS PATH DOWN TO EARTH.









MY ARCTIC QUEEN, YOU WEEEL NOT BE HARMED. WE MERELY WEEESH TO PLACE YOU ON AN ICE-BERG AS AN ATTRACTIVE PRIZE FOR SOME GALLANT SKIPPER TO RESCUE.





AFTER THE TREMENDOUS EXPLOSION, THE SPUME OF WATER SUBSIDED, REVEALING A GROUP OF ICEBERGS OF VARIOUS SIZES ROCKING IN THE CHURNING WATERS. SMALL CHASER BOATS APPEAR, TOWING THE CIRCULAR RAFTS WITH THEIR CARGO OF DEADLY ELECTRO-STATIC MINES WHICH THE MEN STAKE SECURELY TO THE ICEBERGS.



CARRIED ALONG BY THE SLOW-MOVING CURRENT, THE MOUNTAINS OF ICE BEGIN THEIR PLACID VOYAGE TOWARD THE SHIPPING LANES.



SOME DAYS LATER, A FISHING TRAWLER LEAVES PORT, OUTWARD BOUND ON ITS ROUTINE VOYAGE.



BETTER POST A LOOKOUT
JACOBS, WE MAY RUN INTO
SOME FOG.

RYE,
RYE,
SIR



SUDDENLY

ICEBERGS AHEAD!
SHIPPER.



THE STURDY LITTLE TRAWLER THREADS ITS
WAY CAUTIOUSLY THROUGH AN AVENUE OF
PERILOUSLY CLOSE ICEBERGS.

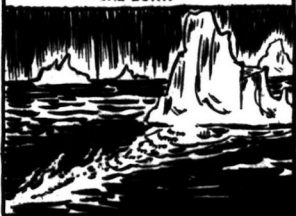
GAD! THIS IS STRANGE AT
THIS SEASON. THESE
'BERGS AIN'T
CHARTED,
EITHER!



WHEW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE, BUT I
THINK WE ARE
CLEAR, NOW.



A FAINT RIPLE SUDDENLY APPEARS ON THE STILLED WATERS. STARTING FROM THE ICEBERG, IT HEADS DIRECTLY TOWARD THE BOAT.



MAN THE LIFE-BOATS-QUICK!
OR--MAYBE--TOO
--LATE.



THE SKIPPER'S LAST WORDS WERE ONLY TOO TRUE. THE BOAT SINKS QUICKLY IN A HISsing VACUUM. THE WIRELESS OPERATOR, TRUE TO HIS DUTY, FLASHES A FRANTIC DISTRESS SIGNAL.

A FEW MILES TO THE SOUTH, A DESTROYER ON PATROL DUTY PICKS UP THE TRAGIC CALL.



"TRAWLER 'JASMINE' IN DISTRESS. HERE'S HER POSITION, SIR!"







THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE SINKING SHIP MAKE A PERILOUS DESCENT INTO THE TOSSEING LIFE-BOATS.



THEY ARE RELUCTANT TO LEAVE THE FAITHFUL CAPTAIN, BUT SUCH IS THE TRADITION OF THE SEAS.

THE CAPTAIN STANDS BRAVELY ERECT UPON THE BRIDGE, A FAINT SMILE OF GRATITUDE ON HIS FACE — HIS MEN ARE SAFE.



OH, FATHER KOLIAN, GIVE ME THE POWER TO RID THE SEAS OF THIS DESTRUCTIVE MENACE.



THE MYSTERY GIRL!
YES, I AM NELVANA. HELP ME TO REMOVE THESE SHACKLES. WE HAVE MUCH TO DO.



I-I DON'T UNDERSTAND!

THE EVIL KABLUNETS ARE STILL TRYING TO INVADE THIS COUNTRY BY THEIR CUNNING PLOTS. THESE ICEBERGS HAVE RAFTS ATTACHED TO THEM WHICH FLOAT JUST BENEATH THE SURFACE AND ARE CHARGED WITH FROZEN, DEADLY ELECTRO-STATIC MINES. UPON REACHING WATERS OF A WARMER TEMPERATURE THE MINES ARE ATTRACTED BY THE MOTORS OF ANY PASSING VESSEL AND CHARGE STRAIGHT AT THEIR TARGET. YOUR SHIP FELL PREY TO THEIR SCHEME. HELP ME AND WE SHALL OUTWIT THESE EVIL ONES.

FASHION THESE CHAINS THAT HELD ME INTO A SINGLE UNIT. QUICKLY, PLEASE.

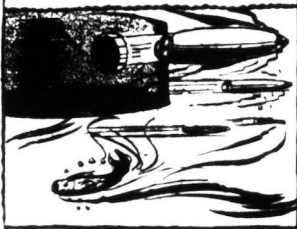
THE AMAZED SAILORS COMPLY WITH NELVANA'S STRANGE REQUEST IN AWE-INSPIRED SILENCE. GRASPING THE LENGTH OF CHAIN FIRMLY, NELVANA TURNS TOWARD THE NORTH AND RAISES HER ARMS.

OH, HOLIAK, MIGHTY KING OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS. SEND YOUR POWER TO ASSIST ME IN THE CAUSE OF FREEDOM AND JUSTICE.

SKIMMING THE SURFACE, WITH THE FIERY CHAIN HISSING IN THE WATER, HOLIAK'S DAUGHTER BEGINS HER GREAT TASK.

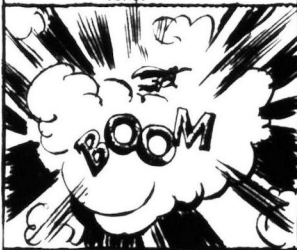
PRESENTLY, A BLINDING RAY DESCENDS ON NELVANA, AND THE UPRaised CHAIN BEGINS TO GLOW LIKE A CHARGED FILAMENT.

AS THE CHAIN NEARS THE DEATH-DEALING RAFTS, THE ELECTRO-STATIC MINES BEGIN TO MOVE----



— AND CHARGE IN PURSUIT OF THE HISSING METAL IN NELVANA'S HAND.

A DEAFENING EXPLOSION SPLITS THE SEAS.



NELVANA SOARS UPWARD, BARELY IN TIME TO MISS BEING ENVELOPED BY A MOUNTAINOUS COLUMN OF WATER.



THE BLINDING FLASH IS SIGHTED HUNDREDS OF MILES AWAY BY A CRUISER ON COASTAL PATROL.

LOOK! THAT FLASH! WHAT CAN IT BE?



WHILE BACK AT THE CRUISER

RESCUE BOAT IN SIGHT! ONE OF OURS, TOO. THANK HEAVEN!

THEY ARE COMING IN, SIR.





THE CREW OF THE STRICKEN DESTROYER ONCE AGAIN ENTER THEIR LIFEBOATS. THIS TIME THEY ROW TOWARD THE SAFETY OF THE WAITING RESCUE CRUISER.

LOOK! THE MYSTERY GIRL, AGAIN!



CAPTAIN! THE FOREIGN MENACE TO THE SAFETY OF THE SHIPPING LANES HAS BEEN DESTROYED.

ARE YOU--YOU --MUST BE-- NELVANA!



(COPYRIGHT-1941)

ONCE AGAIN THE PLANS OF THE EVIL INVADERS HAVE BEEN SPOILED.

NELVANA FACES NEW DANGERS IN NEXT MONTH'S GRIPPING STORY.

"The DICTATOR STRIKES"

ADRIAN DINGLAC

ESCAPE

PART
II.

ILLUSTRATOR - H. CAULFIELD.



THIS STORY OF A NORWEGIAN COLLEGE YOUTH, PETER BERGENSON, BEGAN IN THE JANUARY ISSUE OF TRIUMPH. ONLY THE NAMES OF CHARACTERS ARE CHANGED SO AS TO PROTECT THEM AND THEIR RELATIVES IN NORWAY WHERE OUR HERO WAS A RECRUIT IN THE KING'S GUARDS.

WHEN THE GERMANS INVADED THE COUNTRY, IN APRIL 1940, THEY LAID SIEGE TO THE CAPITAL CITY OF OSLO AND KING HAARON AND HIS GOVERNMENT WERE FORCED TO FLEE TO ENGLAND.

THE REMNANT OF THE KING'S GUARDS, INCLUDING PETER BERGENSON, WERE CAPTURED BY THE GERMANS AND SENT TO A PRISON CAMP. LATER THEY WERE RELEASED ON CONDITION THAT THEY WOULD NOT TAKE UP ARMS AGAINST THE GERMANS AGAIN. REALISING THAT THEY MUST HELP TO FREE THEIR COUNTRYMEN OF NAZI TYRANNY, THE BOYS PLANNED TO ESCAPE TO ENGLAND.

OUR STORY OPENS AS THEY EXAMINE A BOAT FOR THE PURPOSE.



THEY FIND AN UNSEAWORTHY BOAT AND PURCHASE IT WITH FUNDS SUPPLIED BY RELATIVES.

HOW MUCH, CAPTAIN?

TWO HUNDRED POUNDS!



WILL THAT ACCIDENT DELAY
US LONG? THE NAZIS
ARE INQUISITIVE.

WE WON'T KNOW
TILL WE TRY AGAIN.

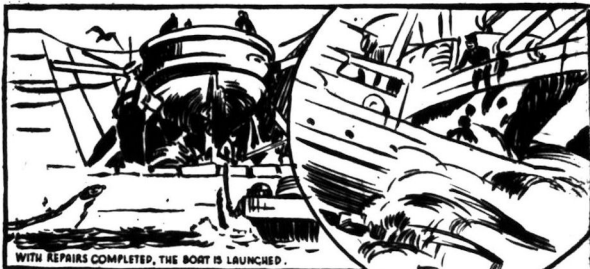
A SECOND ATTEMPT TO
ENTER THE POCH IS
SUCCESSFUL.

OH BOY! WE'RE AWAY!
NOW LET'S GET BUSY.

THE FISHING CRAFT IS COMPLETELY
OVERHAULED AND MADE SEAWORTHY.

WELL, YOU LOOK AS THOUGH YOU
WILL GET US SAFELY TO ENGLAND
WHERE FREEDOM LIVES!

AS THE JOB NEARS COMPLETION, PETER PATS
THE SIDES OF THE OLD NORSE SHIP.




WITH REPAIRS COMPLETED, THE BOAT IS LAUNCHED.



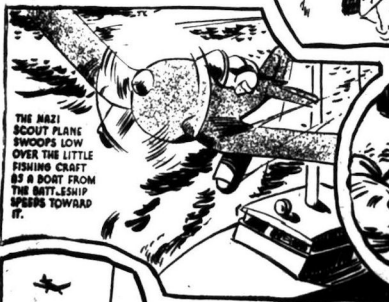
IN A TEST RUN DOWN THE HARBOUR, THE OLD FISHING VESSEL MEASURES UP TO PETER'S EXPECTATIONS.



THE SHIP ANSWERS TO HER HELM, BUT THE COMPASS IS ERRATIC AND MUST BE RESET.



CALLING SCHARNHORST-
INTERCEPT FISHING CRAFT
OFF YOUR STARBOARD BOW!
INVESTIGATE.



THE NAZI
SCOUT PLANE
SWOOPS LOW
OVER THE LITTLE
FISHING CRAFT
AS A BOAT FROM
THE BATTLESHIP
SPEDS TOWARD
IT.



PULLING ALONGSIDE, A NAVAL OFFICER
QUESTIONS THE OCCUPANTS OF THE BOAT.



WHAT ARE YOU DOING
HERE?

WE'RE
FISHERMEN
ABOUT OUR
BUSINESS



LEFT TO THEMSELVES AGAIN, THE YOUNG NORWEGIANS RETURN TO PORT AND SEEK OUT AN OLD AND TRUSTED CAPTAIN TO CONSULT HIM REGARDING THE BOAT'S COMPASS.



WITH ALL THE SKILL OF THESE OLD HANDS I'LL FIX THIS COMPASS. MAY IT GUIDE YOU TO THE SHORES OF OLD ENGLAND. WHERE OUR BROTHERS PREPARE TO RETURN AND FREE NORWAY OF THE NAZI TYRANNY.



DEFTLY MANIPULATING THE INSTRUMENTS OF HIS TRADE, THE OLD SHIPPER MAKES THE NECESSARY ADJUSTMENTS WHILE THE BOYS LOOK ON.



UNDER COVER OF DARKNESS, SUPPLIES ARE LOADED ON BOARD AS THE PATRIOTS PREPARE TO SAIL.



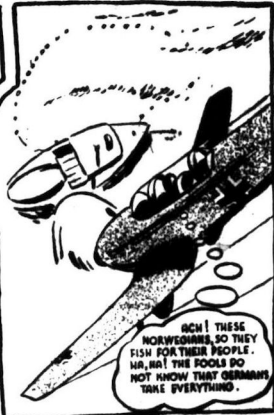
COURAGEOUSLY PETER AND HIS FRIENDS GLIDE THEIR CRAFT INTO THE FIORD, UNDER THE VERY NOSE OF AN ENEMY CRUISER.



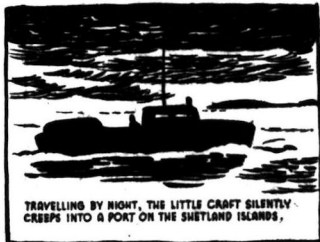
THEY ARE HAILED FROM THE CRUISER'S LOOK-OUT



AT SEA, THE NORWEGIAN YOUTHS PRETEND TO BE BUSY FISHING.



ACH! THESE NORWEGIANS, SO THEY FISH FOR THEIR PEOPLE. HA, HA! THE POOLS DO NOT KNOW THAT GERMANS TAKE EVERYTHING.



TRAVELLING BY NIGHT, THE LITTLE CRAFT SILENTLY CREEPS INTO A PORT ON THE SHETLAND ISLANDS,



A FEW DAYS LATER, THE BOYS LEAVE THE SHETLANDS FOR A PORT IN SCOTLAND.



YOU SAY YOU ARE NORWEGIANS, CAN YOU PROVE YOUR IDENTITY?

YES, WE WISH TO JOIN OUR FORCES IN ENGLAND!

UPON LANDING, A BRITISH OFFICER QUESTIONS THE LADS CAREFULLY.



CLUE CATCHERS

By
PAT.C.

"the maniac's
revenge"

GEE, POP! WHAT A SNOW STORM- AND WHEN WE GET TO BERMUDA IT WILL BE LIKE SUMMER, SO WE WILL BE ABLE TO PUT OUR "BLOODSHOT BALBRIGANS" BACK INTO MOTHBALLS.



IT SURE WAS NICE OF YOUR FRIEND, BOB CARSON, TO ASK US TO SPEND A FEW DAYS DOWN HERE- EVEN IF WE DO HAVE TO CATCH A GHOST- EH, CHIEF?

YES, CHIP, I THOUGHT IT MIGHT BE AN OPPORTUNITY FOR YOU TO SEE ANOTHER BRITISH COLONY- AT SOMEONE ELSE'S EXPENSE- ANEH!



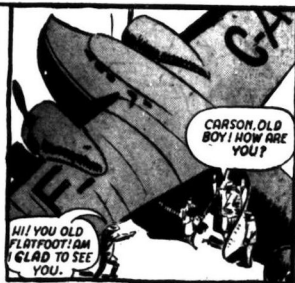
BOY- IT LOOKS JUST LIKE A PICTURE BOOK!



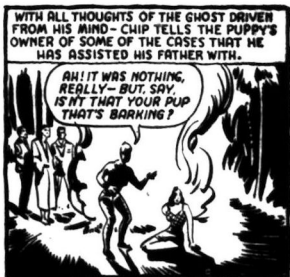
WELL, SON- HERE'S BERMUDA! AND I'LL BET THAT SPECK OVER THERE TO THE LEFT IS OUR HOST, BOB!

H'M, FUNNY. LOOKS LIKE A FLY TO ME, BUT MAYBE I'M WRACKY!















WE BROKE UP AFTER A TERRIBLE ACCIDENT. A PIANO THAT WE WERE MOVING DROPPED ON ANDY'S HAND-THREE OF HIS FINGERS HAD TO BE AMPUTATED. THAT, OF COURSE, PUT AN END TO HIS CAREER AS A VIOLINIST. HE FINALLY BECAME COMPLETELY INSANE AND HAD TO BE PUT INTO AN ASYLUM. SINCE THEN WE HAVE ALL LOST TRACK OF HIM.

THANKS, CHIP. THAT FEELS GREAT-WELL, ME FOR BED, NOW.



IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT

GREAT JUMPIN' BULL FROGS! WHAT'S THAT. HEY POP. BOB'S GHOST IS HERE.

E-E-E-AHH CRASH

Z-Z-Z YOU'RE IMAGIN'IN'-Z-Z-Z GO BACK TO SLEEP-Z-Z







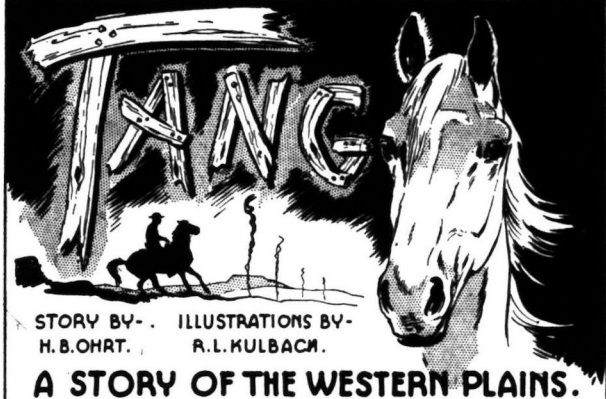
THE CHIEF'S REPORT

ANTON SARTELLO'S REAL NAME WAS ANDY SANDERS. HIS MUSICAL CAREER WAS CUT SHORT BY THE ACCIDENT IN WHICH HE LOST THREE FINGERS FROM HIS LEFT HAND. HE BROODED SO MUCH OVER HIS MISFORTUNE THAT HIS MIND FINALLY BECAME UNHINGED. HE PLANNED HIS REVENGE METHODICALLY. HE SAVED HIS MONEY, PICKED HIS FRIENDS CAREFULLY, DYED HIS HAIR, CHANGED HIS NAME AND ACQUIRED AN ACCENT. THAT BURN "CHIP" WAS MADE BY THE LITTLE BRAND WHICH HE CARRIED IN AN ASBESTOS LINED GOLD CASE ON THE END OF HIS WATCH CHAIN. HE WAS ALL READY TO BRAND MANFIELD BEFORE KILLING HIM, BUT THE COMMOTION I CAUSED IN THE LIVING ROOM INTERRUPTED HIM. WE EVENTUALLY FOUND MANFIELD TIED UP IN THE CELLAR, ALMOST FAINING WITH FRIGHT, SURROUNDED BY HUNDREDS OF BROKEN VIOLINS WHICH OUR CRAZED HOST HAD VAINLY TRIED TO PLAY, AND IN HIS RAGE HAD SMASHED TO BITS. AND NOW, BOB, FOR A GOOD NIGHTS REST AND TOMORROW WE CAN CHASE UP THOSE GHOSTS OF YOURS.



The Mums".. Maxie and Minny





STORY BY- ILLUSTRATIONS BY-
H. B. OHRT. R. L. KULBACH.

A STORY OF THE WESTERN PLAINS.

THE STORY THUS FAR -
BUDDY AND JUANITA BRECKENRIDGE WERE KIDNAPPED FROM THEIR PARENTS BY **SIoux** INDIANS. THE CHILDREN EVENTUALLY MADE THEIR ESCAPE AND TOOK REFUGE IN A VALLEY. THERE THEY FOUND "**HERMIT**"; A WHITE ARABIAN STALLION, WITH A COLT THAT THE CHILDREN NAMED "**TANG**" WHILE CAMPING IN THIS VALLEY, **BUDDY** WAS ATTACKED BY AN OUTLAW WHO ATTEMPTED TO STEAL THE GREAT STALLION. "**HERMIT**" WITH HIS POWERFUL HOOF, TRAMPLED THE BANDIT TO DEATH. OUR STORY OPENS AS THE CHILDREN COMPLETE THE BURIAL OF THE OUTLAW -

I WISH HE HAD BEEN
A GOOD MAN -
THEN HE COULD
HAVE HELPED US!



WITH CHILDLINE SIMPLICITY, **BUDDY AND JUANITA** ERECT A RUDE CROSS ABOVE THE GRAVE OF THE HALF-BREED.





WITH A SCREAM OF RAGE, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION LASHES OUT WITH BOTH HIND FEET SENDING THE BIG CAT END-OVER-END!



WITH BARED TEETH AND LASHING HOOFES, THE ARAB POUNCES UPON THE PROSTRATE LION.



CRUSHED AND MANGLED BY THE TERRIBLE HOOFES, THE BIG CAT IS REDUCED TO A BROKEN BUNDLE OF BONES AND FUR.

SAFE AT LAST, BUDDY AND JUANITA PREPARE FOR THE LONG NIGHT WITH "HERMIT" STANDING GUARD AND THE COLT NEARBY.

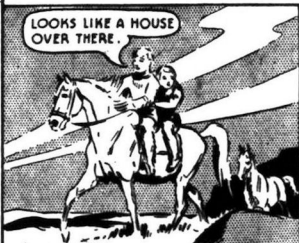


HERE IS AN
OLD GAME
TRAIL, SEE-
HIDDEN BY
BUSHES!



BUDDY AND JUANITA HUNT DILIGENTLY
FOR A PATH THAT WILL LEAD TO THE
OPEN PRAIRIE ABOVE.

LOOKS LIKE A HOUSE
OVER THERE.



OVER THE PRAIRIE IN SEARCH OF SHELTER,
THE TWO YOUNGSTERS PUSH ON.

HOORAY!!
OUT AT LAST!



CLIMBING THE STEEP NARROW
LEDGE, BUDDY AND JUANITA
FOLLOWED BY "HERMIT" AND "TANG"
ARE SOON OUT OF THE VALLEY.

AT LAST WE ARE GOING TO SEE
REAL WHITE FOLKS



WE HAVE
ESCAPED
FROM THE
SIOUX
INDIANS-



WELCOME
CHILDREN,
WE'RE SURE
GLAD TO
SEE YOU!



WHITE MAN'S
GRUB AT LAST!



BUDDY AND JUANITA ENJOY THE
KIND RANCHER'S HOSPITALITY.

THE GIRL WOULD
BE A GREAT HELP
AND COMPANY
FOR ME.

AND THAT
LAD WOULD
MAKE A
FINE COW-
HAND!



THE RANCHER AND
HIS WIFE, DISCUSS THE QUESTION OF
ADOPTING BUDDY AND JUANITA.

FIVE YEARS HAVE ELAPSED,
JUANITA A FINE YOUNG
WOMAN - IS TREATED AS
A DAUGHTER BY THE
RANCHER AND HIS WIFE -
WHILE BUDDY - NOW
GROWN TO YOUNG
MANHOOD, IS A PONY-
EXPRESS RIDER FOR THE
"GREAT-WEST" COMPANY.

MAIL POUCHES,
GUARD THESE WITH
YOUR LIFE SON.



STEADY "TANG" I'LL
NEED YOUR SPEED
THIS TRIP!



DEAD MAN'S GULCH OR BUST,
YOWEE-E--





UP BOY-THEY
MISSED AGAIN!



BOUNDING OVER THE IMMENSE BOULDERS
LIKE A JACK-RABBIT, THE GREAT HORSE TAKES
HIS MASTER THROUGH THE DEATH-TRAP.

THEY MEAN TO
FOLLOW ME-
EN-WELL, WATCH
MY SMOKE!



QUIRTING THEIR PONIES, THE COMANCHES, FIERCEST OF THE PLAINS TRIBES,
STRIVE TO OVERTAKE THE ELUSIVE EXPRESS RIDER.



IN HOT PURSUIT, THE BLOODTHIRSTY COMANCHES, RACING AT BREAK-NECK SPEED, GAINED SLIGHTLY ON THE FLEEING LAD.



TAKING CAREFUL AIM BUDDY BRINGS HIS SIGHTS DOWN ON THE CHIEF WHO IS LEADING,



SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD, THE LEADER'S PONY WENT DOWN WITH A CRASH.



BUNCHED CLOSE BEHIND HIM, THE WARRIORS PILE UP, IN A TANGLE OF KICKING HOOFES AND BROKEN SPEARS.



FAILING IN THEIR ATTEMPT TO CATCH UP WITH BUDDY, THE REDSKINS SIGNAL TO THE MAIN WAR-PARTY TO HEAD HIM OFF.



THE SMOKE SHOWED A DISTINCT WAVING FROM RIGHT TO LEFT-OSCILLATING, IT CONTINUED TO ASCEND-BEFORE AND BEHIND HIM.

KNOWING THAT HE WAS SURROUNDED BY DEADLY ENEMIES - BUDDY RESORTED TO A TRICK WHICH HE HAD LEARNED FROM OLD SPOTTED EAGLE. KICKING "TANG" ON THE FRONT LEG, THE TRAINED HORSE WENT SUDDENLY LAME.





THE LIMPING HORSE IS
OBSERVED BY THE
WAITING REDSKINS.



CHIEF COLD BEAR -LITTLE REALISING THAT
HE HAS A VERY RESOURCEFUL ENEMY TO
DEAL WITH-RIDES BLISSFULLY FORWARD.

RELEASING HIS RIFLE FROM ITS SCABBARD,
BUDDY DRILLS THE CHIEF WITH THE FIRST SHOT.



TAKE THAT-
YOU RED
HOUND!



CLEAVING THE SKULL OF A
SECOND WARRIOR WITH
HIS TOMAHAWK, BUDDY
PUTS SPURS TO HIS GALLANT
HORSE AND HEADS FOR HIS
DESTINATION -
DEAD MAN'S GULCH.

WILL YOU FOLLOW
BUDDY ?

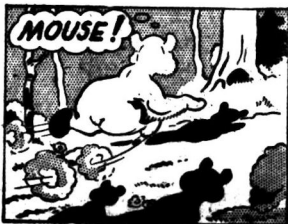
READ

NEXT MONTH'S

—TRIUMPH—

OUT OF THE WOODS

BY - R.L.KULBACH.



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